THE WAY OF A WOMAN

HER INTUITION IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR MAN'S SKILL.

Like the Humming Bird, She Pursues a Zigzag Course, but She "Gets There" Just the Same—Sage Observations by Mrs. Frank Leslie.

"YOUR charming sex, as a rule, are not possessed of reasoning power," remarked a gentleman to me the other day. "They rush at conclusions in the same sort of zigzag fashion that a humming bird darts at a bed of clover. Nobody can tell which blossom she is aiming at, and I doubt if she knows herself."

"And yet I observe that the humming bird generally obtains the honey," remarked I dryly, "and however a woman reasons I observe that she generally 'gets there' in the end."

"Aw! Ya-as—ah—'gets there,'" mumbled my companion, who was an Englishman not yet up in American slang. So I came to his aid with:

"She extracts what she wants from the question in hand just as the humming bird extracts the honey, and I imagine the honey is just as good and considerably less adulterated than if it had been crushed out of the clover blossom by a steam engine."

"And do they make honey by steam in your wonderful country?" demanded my Englishman, eagerly catching at what seemed a tangible fact.

Well, an American would not have said it, but I am sure a good many of them think it, and especially those men whose reasoning powers are of the heavy, wooden order which work like an old cider mill I once stood and watched in the country, with creaks and groans portentous, and which required a yoke of oxen to drag it round its little appointed circuit.

Of course we all know that woman's reason differs from man's reason, just as her light, agile figure differs from his breadth of brawn and muscle. No woman is likely to excel in "putting the hammer," or in lifting heavy weights, or in a bout of fisticuffs in the ring, but a great many women excel at tennis and billiards and archery, a good many are excellent shots with light rifles, and some are as invincible with the foils as Bussy d'Amboise or Henriot. Look, for instance, at the Chevalier d'Eon, who fought many duels and killed many opponents before she was discovered to be a woman. All of which goes to prove that where quickness and skill are the qualities required a woman is just as likely to succeed as a man, although where weight and brawny muscle are essential she does not claim equality.

What is true of the body is true of the mind in most cases; in fact, our friends, the theosophists and psychists, claim that the body is only the outward and visible sign of the spirit within, and that what a man is so he is bound to look, if not at the start surely at the finish. I don't say this is true, for I have not made up my mind about it, but it is a theory much in vogue just now.

I was saying very much the same thing the other day to a man, who replied:

"Yes, women often play well at billiards, but they win the game by a series of the most daring flukes and impossible hazards—plays that no man would ever venture upon and would be howled at if he did."

"But you say they win the game," remarked I, and he grumpily responded:

"Yes, they win, but they've no right to, and it's just the same in fencing. They dart under and over your guard and use a foil more as if it were a sting than a recognized weapon."

"But if it were a real combat they would be likely to kill their opponents?"

"Yes, the poor fellow would be spitted while he was trying to make out what his fair enemy was doing."

"Capital! That is just the parable I want to support my theory. You men can't or won't allow that a woman has reasoning powers, but her tongue is like her rapier—she may not use it according to the rules laid down by men, but while her opponent is wondering what his fair enemy is doing he finds himself stabbed to the heart."

"To the heart, yes, but not generally to the brain," responded my friend, and I assured him that his retort was quite feminine in its patness and conclusiveness.

But it is not only in argument that women show this side of their complex nature, but in achieving whatever end they set before themselves. They are not—that is, women, as a rule, are not—consciously scheming and cunning; they do not say, "The best way to win this success is to appear indifferent and to seem bent upon something else," but they all unconsciously act out that plan and so achieve their end they scarcely know how.

I have a friend who possesses a great many pictures and other ornamental items of furnishing a room. She is, like many Americans, very peripatetic in her disposition, and nearly every year sees her in a new set of apartments. I lately visited her in her latest home and noticed that very few of the pictures were hung, and that the bronzes, china, statuettes, shrines, brackets, draperies—in fact, all the objects of "bigotry and virtue"—were piled upon tables in the back drawing room, evidently awaiting their fate.

"You have been here almost a week and not arranged your pretty things yet!" exclaimed I, and she with a little sigh replied:

"No! The inspiration hasn't come yet. Until it does I haven't the faintest idea of where any of those things belong, and if I insisted upon arranging them very likely I should take such a dislike to the rooms that I couldn't stay in them."

"But when the right moment comes," suggested I, with a laugh, "you will be like a poet who cannot wait for pen, ink and paper to put down his idea."

"Exactly," replied my friend gravely. "When the right moment comes, I shall see the precise spot where every picture should hang, every vase stand, every drapery be flung so as to look as if it had dropped there by the happiest of accidents. My only trouble is lest the inspiration shouldn't come before my reception day comes round, for I positively won't let anybody else arrange them, and neither will I let the world see the naked framework of my home."

"Well, I shall come at any rate, for the skeleton in your cupboard is an old friend of mine."

"Yes, you may come, but the maid will probably tell you that I am in bed with neuralgia. Then come right in to my bedroom, and we will have a cozy cup of tea all to ourselves."

But when the reception day came round and I presented myself with an expectant smile just under the surface the maid simply ushered me into the drawing room, where stood my hostess in the midst of her charming surroundings, every one of which had found the very place of all others where it looked the best and the most at home. Somebody was saying to her as I approached:

"I am sure, Mrs. ——, that you select your apartments to fit your pictures and ornaments. You saw, for instance, when you looked at this room that your Bouguereau never could find another such light, and that Venetian mirror and that pier were made for each other."

"An eternal fitness for each other, haven't they?" assented my friend, turning to me with a twinkle of the eye as she murmured:

"The inspiration never came until noon today, but the moment it did I called the servants, and we had everything done by 3 o'clock. Not bad, is it?"

"Perfect, my dear, but your demon is a very unreliable official."

"Wouldn't do for a business man, would he?"

"Nor for a man of any sort," thought I to myself as I moved away, and presently in my lonely drive I fell into my favorite fit of musing upon the different characteristics of man and woman and of the difficulty each has in comprehending the other fully.

Probably of all the problems that puzzle the masculine student of woman the most utterly insoluble is this matter of intuition. It is far easier for a woman to understand the formal and laborious methods of a man's mind than for him to grasp the idea of an intuitive process which cannot be formulated even by its owner. A man of intellectual nature and regular education bases his every argument, his every conviction, upon mathematical truths. He is fond of saying, "It is as certain as that two and two make four," and that to him is a perfectly unassailable standpoint. He perceives that to the woman with whom he argues the fact that two and two make four is not of the slightest importance. She says, for instance, that a perfect army of street roughs threatened her, and it was hours before she could get through them. The man corrects her with:

"There were but four of the roughs, and it was not five minutes before you were out of their reach and quite safe."

"Only four indeed! More likely 44!" cries the woman, with scorn and indignation.

"I assure you there were only four—two on one side of the door and two on the other, and two and two make four, don't they?"

"Not always, by any means," retorts madame, with all the courage of her convictions. "Not in this case, for instance. Two and two made a great deal more than four for me, I assure you."

And she is actually more correct than the man is. Four street ruffians inflamed with the lawless spirit of the mob and attempting to hustle and annoy a lady simply because she is well dressed and looks scornfully at them become in her eyes and to her consciousness a great many more than two and two—they become a crowd, a mob, a phalanx, a terrifying and perhaps deadly force. She is quite right in saying that in this case two and two did not make four, but 44, and that the period of time during which she felt herself in their power was to her without bounds or limit, but a chaos of endurance answering to many hours of ordinary life. If the clock said it was but five minutes, why, all the worse for the clock, and it must have been a male clock, although they are generally called "she."

But you can't make a man see this. You, for instance—you are reading it. Tell me, aren't you saying to yourself:

"She means that to the frightened woman, the mob *seemed* large and the time *seemed* long, but in point of fact two men and two men are only four men, and five minutes are but five minutes."

There! That is exactly the difference between a man's mind and a woman's. The man is fast bound, "tied and fettered in the chain," not "of his sins" perhaps, but of his mechanical makeup. He simply *cannot* take in the idea that an event is not what actually and literally happens, but it is to each person the results it produces upon that person's mentality.

A volcanic eruption, for instance, or an earthquake is to the scientist a perfectly regular and comprehensible phenomenon of nature—the combination and explosion of certain gases and the liquefying and projection of certain mineral subterranean deposits. He gets out of the way of the rivers of lava just as he would get out of the way of a locomotive, but he is no more terrified by the one than the other. It is simply a phenomenon of nature, like a snowstorm or a high tide.

But to a savage who had never seen or heard of such a thing this volcanic eruption is the malignant or tyrannical act of some mighty spirit, some all powerful demon who is threatening to destroy mankind unless he is propitiated. He accordingly propitiates him either by throwing his eldest son into one of the raging chasms or by vowing to do some tremendous act of heroism, or perchance, if he is a very, very good savage, by resolving not to flog his wife any more.

In any case the eruption makes a big change in this savage's career. It is to him a matter of life and death. Its results last perhaps after the man is dead.

Now, the scientist's estimate of this phenomenon and the savage's estimate of the very same event are both true, perfectly true to the individual forming the estimate. Neither one could possibly view the occurrence from the standpoint of the other; neither one could perhaps even put himself in the other's place enough to see just what it was the other believed. Each is to the other a poor deluded fool, and the savage despises and marvels at the philosopher just as much as the philosopher at him.

Now, who shall say that either is absolutely right, to the stultification of the other, any more than a mirror is a false mirror because it shows you a different image from what it shows me?

And so by this rather roundabout course we come back to the different workings of the man's and the woman's mind. Each arrives at a solution of the problem, whatever it may be, by a route utterly unfamiliar, even impossible, to the steps of the other. Perhaps the solution is the same in essence, although somewhat differently expressed; perhaps, on the other hand, the results are widely different; but in either case I contend that both are right and neither wrong, and most women will be ready to agree with me. Most men, on the other hand, will disagree and exclaim contemptuously:

"How ridiculous! How exactly like a woman's argument! Of course a thing is either right or it's wrong. How can two opposing views both be correct? If two and two make four on one occasion, they do on every occasion. It's all nonsense, utter nonsense."

So speaks the lord of creation and considers the matter settled, and so it is for him, but the lady of creation has an equal right to an "ipse dixit" on this and every other topic of common interest and value to both sexes, and she says:

"My friend, you are wrong. Things are not what they seem either to you or to me. Things are what they become in the consciousness of the individual receiving them. Two and two do generally make four, I grant you, but there are occasions when they make infinitely more or infinitely less, and it is your misfortune to be a man and therefore unable to perceive this truth."

If some reader of the masculine persuasion asks me, How do you know this rather startling truth, and how do you prove it? I reply, with that grand simplicity characteristic of great minds and great truths:

I know it by intuition, and I prove it by looking in upon my own convictions, which tell me it is a truth.

If yours don't tell you so, it is not a truth for you, and we continue gazing the one upon the gold and the other upon the silver side of the shield, each assured that our own is the true side.

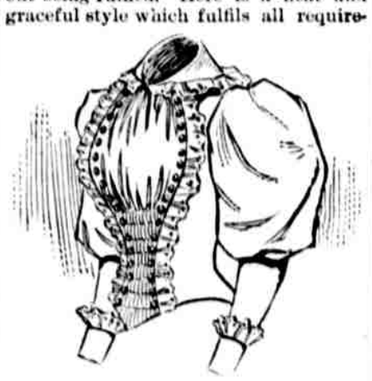
MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

Self Help.

She was a New Jersey girl. Her father was dead, and she had no big brother. Not long ago a slanderous neighbor attempted to injure her good name. He circulated some extremely bad stories about her, and they finally reached her ears. She thereupon called four of her intimate young lady friends together and asked them if they would help her thrash the wretch. They said they would, so they all went to the man's house one evening and tossed pebbles against his windows until he came out to see what was the matter. The moment he appeared he was seized and despite his struggles tied to a convenient fence. Then he was whipped until he yelled for mercy and awoke all the neighbors. Such summary vengeance cannot be encouraged, yet it may be tolerated, for it did the girl more good, and, let us hope, the culprit also, than if the slow courts of justice had been appealed to.

Bodice For Wash Material.

It is often difficult to find a mode of making gingham and cambric bodices that shall be pretty and fanciful and at the same time capable of passing through the hands of the laundress without being ruined. Here is a neat and graceful style which fulfils all requirements. The lined bodice is close fitting and perfectly plain, fastening in front with hooks and eyes or small, flat buttons. The sleeves have a full puff of the goods reaching from the shoulder to the elbow, and the turnover cuffs are edged by a ruffle. The neck is finished with a ruffled sailor or round collar. The plastron is unlined and is shaped to the figure by the shirrings. It has a ruffle on each edge and is buttoned on the bodice on both sides with round pearl buttons, thus allowing it to be removed and laundered separately.



A cocoanut shell makes a good double receptacle, one part for burned, one for unburned matches. Saw the cocoanut in two parts, one larger than the other, and scoop out the meat. Then wash the shell, taking care not to injure the rough, hairy coating of the outer shell, as it will add to the looks of the match receiver. Screw three brass screw eyes on each part of the shell to suspend it by. Rich yellow ribbons run from the screw eyes in the smaller part straight through those in the larger part, terminating in a bow for decoration. Another cluster of the ribbon is tacked on the bottom.

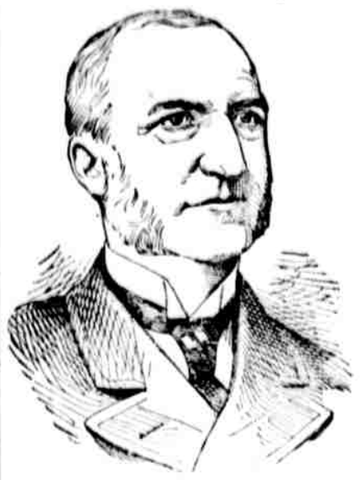
DEPEW'S COON STORY.

INTERESTING SCRAPBOOKS OF MEN OF PROMINENCE.

Chauncey M. Depew Has Forty-one Volumes of Scraps—Rev. Dr. Talmage's Dainty Notebooks—Homemade Books of Ready Reference.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 4.—Charles Reade is credited with starting the scrapbook fad that has now become epidemic, but many such famous Americans as Chauncey M. Depew, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and Roswell P. Flower began compilations of that kind long before the British novelist made it the vogue.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Mr. Depew began forming his first scrapbook immediately upon leaving college, and although the library in his railroad office contains 41 of those interesting compendiums, the commonplace book begun in his early manhood fills the niche of honor. "There," spoke Mr Depew, waving his hand at the remarkable collection, "one may see the evolution of the scrapbook. Here in my first attempt it is in embryo, while in those folios of the present year it is nearest perfection.

"At first, as now, the chief purpose in collecting the cream of the waifs and strays was amusement. Soon after beginning I saw that instead of slapping everything in higgledy piggledy, the matter should be sifted, arranged and indorsed. Mark the little fellow I began with," and while Mr. Depew fluttered the hundred pages of the volume he referred to he continued, "One might as easily find the proverbial needle in the proverbial haystack as hope to find any particular thing in such a hodge podge."

Once a week there is made a single page alphabetical list of all articles posted in the previous seven days, and that list is added to a rough index, which is on the first of every year perfected, printed and bound. Mr. Depew selects all the material for the books and never admits any part of his own speeches, except stories that have been humorously or otherwise distorted by repetition and publication. Every selection the volumns, dating from 1865, hold relate one way or another to Mr. Depew. Nearly all are complimentary to the compiler. Others are facetious, humorous or sarcastic.

Mr. Depew believes that future generations of Depews will find in his scrapbooks an unfailing spring of amusement. Speaking of the way some of his pet stories were denuded of pith by those who, after hearing them from his lips, told them to others, he said: "A coon story I told in Boston half a dozen years ago is still going the rounds. I have collected 109 versions of it, and I would not venture to guess how many have escaped me. Were it not that I caught the first ones and followed up the trail, I would never, within a month after telling it, have recognized my own story. The great joke is that I have heard gentlemen repeat one or other of the emasculated versions with the assurance that they were among the hunters. As the yarn went, some coon hunters following a hot track found the dogs barking around a big sycamore on the edge of a shallow stream. The hunters thought they saw the coon in the tree top, and one fellow climbed to shake it off. Fifty feet or so above the earth the climber encountered a big bump that encircled the tree.

"With great difficulty he at last climbed over the obstruction and was much chagrined to find that what he took to be a coon was but a woody excrescence. Then he shinned down to the bump, over which he slid feet first, but wriggle and stretch as best he could he could not bring his legs to the trunk below. The bump prevented it. He crawled up again and shouted to his comrades, 'Oh, lordy, boys, I'm treed 'sted of the coon, an I'll stay here till Gabriel blows 'less the river rises 50 feet an floats me off.' Some of the adaptations picture the coon sitting on the bump holding the hunter at bay, others have the river rising in the nick of time, and a third class bring the other hunters up the sycamore and over the bump until the three are treed and praying for a high stage of water.' While pointing out several unique imitations of the coon story his eyes twinkled when they fell on another case of the kind. Chuckling and tapping the page he said:

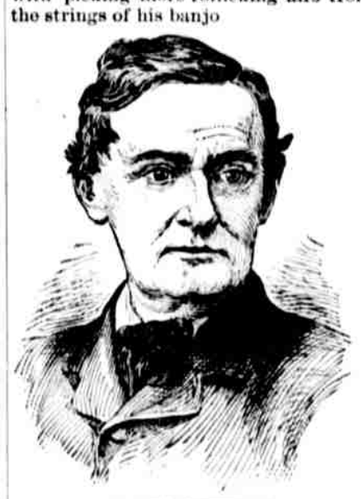
"Here is a thing in the story telling way that amuses me more than any in the collection, because the forty odd examples in these books prove to me that there are men who can outfib a fisherman. The purpose of the original fiction—which is here and flanked on either side with unique variations of it—was to show how utterly impossible it was for a true angler to speak the truth about his sport. Three anglers seeking trout stopped at a farmhouse, and at sunrise next day each started to fish a separate brook. When evening came, two returned with but half a dozen fingerlings. By and by the third appeared, and his companions saw that his face was woebegone looking. 'What luck?' they asked. 'Not a nibble all day,' he dejectedly replied as he dropped his creel on the porch. It stopped with a thud that told his fellows that the creel held something. One opened the wicker trap. Its mouth was stuffed with damp green moss, and when the herbage was plucked away they saw 15 trout, the smallest of which would have weighed half a pound. So is was clear that, fish or no fish, the thoroughgoing angler must lie, but the variations adapters have sung of this little yarn leave it without head or tail, pith or point, and prove that story tellers can prevaricate as well as anglers."

Mr. Depew was asked if he did not think a collection of all the menu cards inspected by him at various times would form an assortment of more artistic and retrospective interest than the scrapbooks. "No doubt," he said, "but think of the space they would take up, and our room is limited here."

The Rev. Dr. Talmage's scrapbooks are daintily kept, and the marginal notes written by the compiler are Chineselike in their clearness and littleness. He is very particular about the matter he inserts. Twenty years of this reminiscent meat has been compressed into two bulky volumes. The matter has been culled from all sources and ranges from gay to grave. It is one of the weekly pleasures of the family to hear Dr. Talmage read selections from his collection of scraps. He enjoys a joke on himself, and whenever he comes across a good thing at his expense he promptly adds it to the unfilled book.

A few years ago a Boston clergyman, introducing the Brooklyn divine to the former's congregation, playfully remarked that the distinguished visitor was handsomer and happier than when he last saw Mr. Talmage suffering from the qualms of seasickness in midocean. This little story spread high and low, and among the flotsam in Dr. Talmage's arrangement of scraps are no fewer than 14 separate and distinct versions of it, and all are magnified out of proportion. As Mr. Talmage is a fine sailor, he forgave the Boston minister for the poetic license he used. Whenever the eminent Brooklyn clergyman reads from his cuttings, the young members of the family invariably coax him to read the 14 separate descriptions of his nausea.

Another series of jokes on the head of the family is the details the scraps give about the clergyman's skill as a banjo player, while as a matter of fact the only instrument of that kind in the Talmage home is a gilt affair, minus strings and keys, which serves as an ornament. Nevertheless, the scraps in Dr. Talmage's homemade book of ready reference set forth that he is passionately fond of picking the banjo; that crowds gather about his door to hear him thrumming, and that his favorite tunes are "The S'wanee River," "Annie Laurie" and "Rock of Ages." Other scraps credit Mr. Talmage with picking more rollicking airs from the strings of his banjo.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

The artistic temperament and skill of Joseph Jefferson is apparent on every page of his five folios of cuttings, letters and curios, which are illuminated with dainty water color or crayon sketches in sympathy with the letter press. The cuttings and other materials have been so thoughtfully gleaned and carefully winnowed that the collection is one of the most interesting and valuable of its kind. But little of the print or pictoral work relates to the gentle collector. Nearly everything refers to the drama or players other than himself, and many of the scraps and curious little playbills that embellish its pages could not be duplicated. The title page of the first volume is adorned with 12 graceful little black and white character drawings of his foster brother Charles Burke, a famous comic player.

Edwin Booth's compendium of this kind is a compact history of the Booths. Almost every page is adorned with rare prints and quaint little engravings illustrating this illustrious family of players. Mr. Booth spent 30 years in collecting the pictures that embellish his scrapbook. Its value is incalculable. It is bound in Russia leather, and text and illustrations are laid on rough print paper. Ten pages are not illuminated. The cuttings on those pages relate to Edwin Booth's first tour through the south 15 years after the war ended. No player ever made such a triumphant tour in this country. Two pages of cuttings tell how the hotel in Nashville was so besieged, inside and out, by admiring women that Mr. Booth did not dare to leave his apartments and had to be smuggled in and out of the hostelry to reach the theater and return.

F. G. CONNELLY.

Where Negro Labor Abounds.

Since the figures on interstate immigration began to be collected by the census bureau nearly 1,000,000 more people have left the south for the north than the reverse. Some of the contrasts are almost ludicrous. Thus of German born there are in New York 498,602, in New Jersey 230,576, in Illinois 338,382, and even in Wisconsin 259,819, while in South Carolina there are but 2,502, in North Carolina 1,077, and even in Texas, where they are thought to be very numerous, but 48,843. In all the southern states there are but 2,467 Norwegians; in the northern 320,198. The moral is obvious. Where negro labor abounds the foreigner will not go.